

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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O that holy, happy splendor
That thou pourest on to-day!
Must it vanish?
Hast thou given thine all away?

Endless lover! never, never
Wilt thou cease to save and shine;
Yesterday, to-day, forever,
All the ages, Lord, are thine;
Come and bless them,
Come and make them more divine!
—T. H. Gill

CHRIST OUR LEADER.

*John xii. 26.—"If any man serve me, let
him follow me; and where I am, there shall also
my servant be."*

LORD, TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?

Saviour! needs the world no longer
To rejoice beneath thy light?
Have we lovers sweeter, stronger?
Beams for us a sun more bright?
Are we weary
Of thy mercy and thy might?
Mighty Lord, so high above us;
Loving brother, all our own;
Who will help us, who will love us,
Like to thee who all hast known,—
Who hast proved
Darksome grave and heavenly throne?

Who so gentle to the sinners
As the soul that never fell?
Who so strong to make us winners
Of the height he won so well?
Alway victor!
Make thine own invincible!

From the cross hath gone the glory?
Seems it less divinely borne?
Sweetest day of man's sad story
Shineth not that rising morn?
Heavenly dweller!
Leave, oh, leave not earth forlorn!

Yesterday doth tribute render
To the brightness of thy sway;

1. "If any man serve me, let him follow me." It is one of the singular privileges of the Christian life that it is a following. Called after the name of Christ, it is our share in his steadily advancing victory. To possess our souls in patience, to take our law from God's lips and our portion from God's hand, to enter into our rest here and to look for a better rest beyond, while it is not an easy so it is not an untried thing. Jesus has wrought out all this deliverance. We have always before our eyes an example of all holy living and dying,—not what man might haply do and bear if only God were with him, but what man *has done* and *has borne* with that divine help. The life of faith on earth is no experiment, no venture more or less hopeful, no march upon an enemy of unmeasured resources, over whom no decided victory has yet been gained: it is simply to follow One who was found in the very front of the battle where no flesh could be saved, but where to be defeated proved to be the greatest of victories, and death the entrance upon everlasting life. It is simply to follow One who will not fail nor be discouraged until He hath set righteousness in the earth. All the possibilities of our higher life, all our faiths,

hopes, and charities, have been verified and illustrated in the life of Jesus. *Our* dreams, it may be of love and duty,—beauty far off, unattained, and dim,—they were *His* everyday experiences; and to seek to share them is only to claim the privileges of our Christian discipleship,—to be no longer dreamers, but workers.

And, lest any should imagine that this wonder of goodness descended upon our earth, as it were, complete,—a radiant and angelic vision, with no mark of conflict,—Jesus goes before us to the battle, and is careful to make known in part the mystery of His struggling life; and in more than one of the narratives which in the Divine Providence have come down to us we see Him treading the wine-press alone, and doing battle with the very Prince of this world. He has told us in parables of His temptations in the wilderness. We see, indeed, that they were incident to a transcendent elevation of aim and a singular purity of purpose, and yet they were real. It could be no mean fight which could detain the Son of God forty days and forty nights: He was in the front of the great battle. And, so reach up as you may, you find that He has scaled a loftier summit, reach out as you may, you will only be a follower; and there are His footsteps in which you will gladly plant your weary feet, and the shame and dismay which came over the Tempter's face at His "Get thee behind me, Satan," can never be dispelled. If ever you should be led by the Spirit into the wilderness, you will find that He has gone before you. If we would never forget that of the most wondrous endowments we can only be stewards, that what was given for others may not be spent upon ourselves even in our great need, it is but to follow Him who would not command the stones that they be made bread, content rather to live by the words which proceed from the mouth of God. If we would still hold fast to a divine simplicity and sincerity, trusting in the truth and refusing to startle with portents those who can be redeemed only with works and words of love, we have but to follow Him who would not cast Himself from the pinnacle of the Temple into the midst of unbelieving Jerusalem, and so wrest a sweet promise of divine succor in a time of real need into an encouragement of a fanatical confidence. If we would resist the temptation to unworthy compromises, to do evil that good may come, to baptize worldliness instead of redeeming it, to call

the kingdoms of this world kingdoms of God instead of making them so, it is but to follow Him who would not prevail through any help of the Evil One, and chose to rely most absolutely upon the Holy Love and the Holy Will. And this, says the Evangelist, was not the end. There were other conflicts, crowned with victories always, and yet conflicts,—battles in the wilderness, though they were fought in cities called holy and with masters in Israel; weary fights, with scars of honor in the flesh, though there was ever triumph in the eyes, and at the last the ministry of angels.

2. "If any man serve me, let him follow me." How simple and single our Christian life becomes when it is clearly and heartily recognized as a following! No more the inquiry, What is Truth; no more a journey of exploration in the hope to find the true Way; no more a mere problem of Life waiting for the solution which the wise may have to offer! If men and women might only begin with the following to which they are often graciously brought at last! If only aims which are so often shadowy and endeavors which are only a beating of the air might become the loyalty of the follower who hears and obeys the Master's voice! If only to those who have lost the path of life we would not offer treatises upon journeying and maps of all the universe, but would simply point to the open road and say, Walk in it! You might as well try over again all the experiments of the world's science, cipher out afresh all its well-nigh endless calculations, invent and make your telescopes and your microscopes, decline all human ministries and mediations, as not resign yourselves in all your moral and spiritual interests to Him in whom all divine perfections were mirrored, and who comes that we may have abundant life. What inspiration in His call to follow! Yes, and what assurance too, and argument of hope, and that all the more when we find our life a battle and a march, and seem to be threatened with defeat, while our prayer for light comes back upon the heart unanswered through many a dark and dismal fight!

3. "Where I am, there shall also my servant be." The more faithful the service, the closer the following, the more immediate will be the Presence with all the light and peace and joy that go along with it. The Christian life is first of all in the mind and heart and character, in inspiration and achievement, in the sonship and the vision

of God, in holy love and trust and adoring worship. We enter into this life when our service is a following, a service in deed as well as in word; and, the more earnest and the braver the following, the larger the measure of the life. For we can have all of it that we really desire. The Master and the servant are together in this life, at one in it. How near can we be to Him who is within us,—not to be sought in Jerusalem or Rome or Geneva, but already in our hearts! Place and time, life and death, things present, things to come, the earthly and heavenly mansions of the Father's house, the mortal and immortal, those who are called early and those who for their many years seem to be tarrying till Jesus shall come,—what do they all matter if only our love for Christ and our life in Christ endure, if only we have faith enough in Him to keep near to Him, near enough to be in the light which never fades from His face? It is our own fault if ever He passes out of our sight and beyond our call, and into the heavens which are closed against us, and into the joy which we cannot taste. If we are in darkness, it is our loitering, our half-heartedness, if we win no victories, it is because we will not move to the front; for even to His very crown and throne there is nothing which the Lord is not eager to share with the humblest follower.

Strive to be like Him,—that is revealed to you as one of the possibilities of your new life. And to be like Him is to be with Him, and to see Him as He is, and to have a hope for other worlds than this. Go forward, not only in thought as so many do, not only in imagination of things which might be, but in very deed and truth. Take your place in the very front rank. It is true that death is there. But, where death is not, there can be no larger, higher, better, nobler life; and they who seek first of all for safety must not hope for salvation.—*Rufus Ellis.*

THE STILL HOUR.

Beneath the shadow of the cross
As earthly hopes remove,
A new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessed word of love.

O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not even the lifted cross can harm
If we but hold to this.

Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours,
And swift our feet shall move

To deeds of pure self-sacrifice
And the sweet tasks of love.

—*Samuel Longfellow.*

FOR SPIRITUAL GROWTH.

O Lord God, my creator, by thy will I came into being, and at thy command, when the right hour is come, I shall one day leave this world. Thou alone knowest the holiness that I might have attained to if from my earliest days I had continually obeyed thee, and if I had always claimed the privileges of my sonship. But, O Lord, I have not done so. I have not lived in the strength of thy grace. Thy image is impressed but feebly upon my soul, yet thine ideal for me still remains. My Father, I beseech thee to form me into it more and more in the years I have still to live. I place myself in thy loving hands. Work on me as on the potter's wheel. Mould me by thine almighty power. Burn out of me all that is sinful and corrupt. As the grass and the flowers grow by means of the warmth of thy sun and the showers of thy rain, so let thy spirit effect in my spiritual nature a holy growth, that I may become well pleasing in thy sight. Lord, I depend in this upon thy help. Teach me how to will and to work with thee. Every day may I increase in self-forgetfulness, in simplicity, in courage, and in trust, and thus shall I every day approach nearer to thy likeness. Without growth there can be no life. Make me, O my God, a true branch of thee, the living Vine, and to thee be all the glory. Amen.—*Alone to the Alone.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers of literature, and requests for the same, to
"The Cheerful Letter Exchange," 25 Beacon Street, Boston,
Mass.

OFFERS.

Will any one who would like to receive
"Black Beauty" address Miss Langmaid,
71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.?

Any one desiring school-books please apply
to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park,
Roxbury, Mass.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass. "Sesame and Lilies," Ruskin; "The Trespasser," Gilbert Parker; "Martin Hewlitt, Investigator"; "Recreations of a Country Parson"; "Two

Chiefs of Dunboy," Froude; "The Deserter from the Ranks"; "The Faith of Men," Jack London; "Two Royal Lives, Emperor and Empress Frederick of Germany"; "Nature Drawing"; "The Flower of England's Face"; "Hymns for Mothers and Children"; "Festus," Bailey; "An American Four-in-Hand in Britain," Carnegie; "The Firm of Girdlestone," Doyle; "A Glorious Fortune," "Uncle Jack," Besant; "Heriot's Choice," "Only the Governess," R. N. Cary; "An Ocean Tragedy"; "Appledore Farm"; "The Wreck of the Grosvenor"; "The Lost Silver of Briffault"; "The Freedom of Faith," Munger; Macaulay's "Essay on Milton"; "Rob Roy"; "Kenilworth"; "Chim-mie Fadden Stories"; "The Light of Asia," Edwin Arnold; "A Christmas Carol," Dickens; "The Story of the Other Wise Man," Van Dyke.

For the following books apply to Mrs. H. L. Morse, 9 Whittemore Street, West Roxbury, Mass.: "The Model Encyclopædia"; "The Model Book, Natural History"; "The Model History of United States"; "Incidents in the Old and New Testament," by Thomas Wyatt, A.M.; "The Life of Samuel Johnson, L.L.D."; "The Elements of Moral Science"; "Elements of Civil Government in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

The following books are offered by Miss Viola Allen, 9 Winthrop Street, Roxbury, Mass.: Book on "Penmanship"; "South and West, with Comments on Canada"; Gray's "Lessons on Botany" (1864); "The Man with the Iron Mask"; Hood's Works (4 vols.); "Thoughts of Artemus Ward"; "Wee Willie Winkie"; "A Window in Thrums"; "Two Years Ago," Charles Kingsley; "Under the Deodars," Kipling; Tupper's "Complete Poetical Works"; "Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen"; "Stepping Heavenward"; "Maud"; "Cousin Fannie"; "Artemus Ward, His Book"; Charles Sprague, "Poems"; "The Farmer's Boy"; Poem, "Bloomfield"; Cowper's "Poems"; "Poetry for Children," Samuel Elliot; "Hunchback of Notre Dame"; "Portraits of Places," Henry James; "Jack Daudet," translated by Mary Neal Sherwood.

REQUESTS.

1. I feel the kind friends have forgotten me, I have not received any reading matter

for so long. I shall be grateful for any. I would love very much to have the *Delineator* for 1906, and also the *Youth's Companion*. My little girl is very fond of reading, and she would like to have some story books. Any good religious books or papers will be very acceptable. As I have moved in a new neighborhood and the people are very fond of reading, I will gladly hand it on to others. My new address is, Mrs. N. C. Coleman, Idem, Amherst County, Virginia.

2. I would like to have some good books for the first and second grades. More of my pupils are in these grades, and I have very few books they can read. The library is such a luxury for these poor children. Any time you can send any easy reading for my little ones, it will be greatly appreciated. I am so thankful for the reading matter I have received. Mattie E. Sale, Brier Creek, Wilkes County, North Carolina.

3. Mrs. M. L. Daniel, Farmville, Virginia, asks for any of Shakespeare's works.

4. *Youth's Companion* for 1905 is asked for by W. E. Starnes, Granite Falls, North Carolina.

5. Mrs. Kate Anderson, Farmville, Virginia, a complete shut-in, will be glad of any fiction.

6. Mary C. Preston, Bristol, Tennessee, asks for "Leopard's Spots."

7. The *Christian Herald* is asked for by Mrs. L. I. Elliott, Tom Bean, Texas.

8. Mrs. J. A. Watson, Arlington, Tennessee, will be very glad of any reading.

9. "The Leading Facts of American History," by Montgomery, is very much desired by Lottie B. Reed, Athens, Maine.

10. We are going back to Texas. We would be thankful for any good periodicals, magazines, or good books for boys to read through the winter. I have received plenty of good papers this year, which was a great pleasure to us and others also. Will some one please send some magazines to Mrs. Alice Wann, Wannville, Jackson County, Alabama. I have shared my reading with her this year. Many thanks to all the

kind and loving hearts that have responded to my many requests. My address will be after January 1, Waxahachie, Ellis County, Texas, Mrs. Ada V. Wann.

11. I have been a subscriber of *The Cheerful Letter* for several years. I have had many magazines sent me by freight and some by mail, and I have lent them and given them away to those that appreciate them. Others have very kindly sent me books at various times which have been very gratefully received by my family and others to whom I have lent them. I should be very much pleased if any one would send me any of President Jonathan Edwards's published writings, or any biography of him. Rev. F. W. Keene, North Berwick, Maine.

12. I would be very glad to receive "From the Easy Chair," G. W. Curtis; Wordsworth's "Poems"; Emerson's "Essays"; "Colonial Dames and Good Wives"; "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," Besant; "Lucile," Owen Meredith; "Education," Herbert Spencer. Miss Florrie S. Merryman, Rustburg, Campbell County, Virginia.

13. I live in a shut-in neighborhood, sixteen miles from Lenoir, which is the nearest town containing a library. Am very much interested in a circulating library for this place. We already have one started on a small scale, and would be glad of any kind of reading matter for it. We have more juvenile literature than any other kind, and we are now trying to get books and magazines for the older people. Mrs. J. Harrington, Blackstone, Caldwell County, North Carolina.

14. Mrs. Ellen M. Raker, Shooting Creek, Virginia, a widow with small children, the oldest eleven, will be thankful for suitable reading.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

IRRITABLE CHILDREN.

There is a type of character, common in New England, which, for want of a more descriptive word, I am inclined to call the *nervous-conscientious*. Children of this type are especially to be pitied, and need wise and tender handling; and they generally receive just the reverse.

In the first place, it is not the fault of a

child, but its misfortune, that it has inherited a sensitive, excitable temperament which shows itself in fits of crying, impatient words, or bursts of passion. And one of the misfortunes of this inheritance is that the sense of naughtiness which a conscientious child feels really increases the difficulty; for this adds to its suffering, and makes it all the harder to throw off the impatient mood and begin again. If, in addition, it is discouraged by the knowledge that its mother is displeased, the case becomes almost hopeless. "There is no use in trying," says the poor little culprit.

The first thing that a mother has to do, to meet this difficulty, is to divest herself of the idea that the child is to blame. It is important, indeed, that the habit of self-control should be taught; but to expect a child of four or five years old already to have the quality of self-control, which some grown persons never acquire at all, is to expect the child to be a grown-up person, and a grown-up person of exceptional character.

The next thing is to avoid anything like fault-finding, of even the gentlest kind, *at the time of the outburst*. However great the temptation may be to say something, seal the lips with a bar of iron. It is not the right time.

Parents usually do exactly the opposite of this. A child comes down in the morning, feeling unhappy and irritable, and yet perhaps making a real effort for self-control. Under the influence of some little annoyance, her patience gives way, and she speaks fretfully. Instead of taking no notice, the mother says sharply, "Don't speak in that tone!" or "Do try to be pleasant!" Here is a very serious mistake. It is exactly as if we should give a push to a person who stumbles. Still worse is it, in the case of a young child, to punish her by sending her out of the room, or by saying "Naughty girl!"

A case of this sort, which made me very indignant when I heard it was of a little girl who burst into tears for any slight cause. It was easy to understand whence came the tendency. Her mother had during some years of her life suffered very much from anxiety, and was a nervous person, easily depressed, and the trait was inherited directly from her. The child's father treated his wife with great consideration and sympathy, but had not the sense to see that the little girl's sensitiveness was not a moral fault. He would even tease her, saying things to make her

cry, and then say, "Now, if you cry, you must go out of the room!"

And this reminds me of another mother, whose daughter had moods of impatience and irritability, making it hard to manage her. The child's aunt said to me, "I don't think her mother acts judiciously." I asked her what method she would pursue? She said, "Why, when she comes down in the morning in one of these moods, I should say, 'Jennie, go back to your room, and don't come out until you feel pleasant.'" "Now, Mary!" said I, "do you think, if you were feeling cross, that speaking to you in that way would do you any good?"

In this case the mother used the wiser treatment. She told me herself of one occasion when the little girl got up in the morning "all out of sorts." Her mother was obliged to be away for part of the day. Instead of blaming the child, she said to her, in a gentle, sympathizing way, "Jennie, dear, I feel afraid you will get into hot water while I am gone. Don't you think yourself it would be the best plan to stay upstairs this morning in your own room?"

When she came home, Jennie came to her and said, "Mamma, I have not been cross *once* while you were gone!" The affectionate words, without any blame, were balm to the child's spirit, and gave just the impulse needed.

L. F. C.

(To be continued.)

NATURAL HISTORY.

CATS AND THEIR AFFECTIONS.

(Continued.)

A pastime in which all the cats delight is hide-and-seek behind the pillows of a bed or sofa. In the drawing-room there are some old-fashioned divans against the wall with several cushions set upright, which have been the playground of generations of pets; the mothers begin by playing with their kittens, the kittens keep it up together, and teach it to younger sets. The point of the game is which shall see the other first and surprise her by a cuff on the nose, which stands for "I spy." When two play, it is simple enough; but, when there are three or four, one always remains outside the cushions to seek, and by degrees the little pink-nosed white faces peep between the cushions with the inimitable and provocative expression of a kitten at play, and the seeker is surprised by a tap. If she be on the alert, the hider sometimes

vanishes, and sometimes they try which can get within the other's guard and give the first whack.

M'liss was particularly fond of hide-and-seek, and established a mode of playing it with us while we were at dinner. She would hide on the window sill behind the long winter curtains which are dropped in the evening, and would peep out at one side or between them and mew, popping back again as we called, "I see you." She never tired of this slipping unseen from window to window to vary the surprise until we had more than enough of it.

M'liss was chilly, notwithstanding her vitality and condition; for she was a little athlete, like iron for weight and strength. All the cats soon find the warmest spots in the house,—the furnace flues, or where the hot-water pipes pass under the floor,—and resort to them. Some of them, she among the rest, are not afraid to jump inside the fender and sit on the hearth, in spite of the flicker and crackling of the flames. M'liss had the habit of holding up her fore paws to warm them at the register or fire, which made the most comical and improbable picture,—a little white cat with an impertinent expression, seated demurely before the andirons, holding up a fore paw to the glow. It was the most intelligent habit I have seen an animal practise, except that of wiping their paws on the door-mat on coming into the house, which a black-and-tan terrier of ours and the Skye terrier of a friend did regularly.

In this and her entire mode of life, which was like that of most cats, distinctly methodical, M'liss produced the effect of a little egotist, and she was one. She was her own cat, not ours, and her impulses and purposes began and ended with herself. She was also a tease, the first specimen of that class—excluding, of course, monkeys—I have seen among animals, except a black-and-tan terrier, the friend and torment of the one that wiped his feet. M'liss would wait until one of the other cats was asleep, pretending to be asleep herself meanwhile. Then she would noiselessly creep to the back of the sofa, chair, or top of the basket where the other lay, and give her a slight tap on the head, instantly crouching so as to be invisible. The sleeper would start, open one eye, wink, shut it again, and go to sleep, when M'liss would tap again. This would be repeated until the sleeper, roused and enraged, jumped up and saw the offender,

when some spitting and slapping would ensue, and either M'liss would retreat or the victim choose another couch, but no sooner fall asleep again than M'liss would be at her post, until the other would rush out of the room and the house. She also used to amuse herself by coming behind her companions when they were eating or meditating, and giving them a push or a poke, and by many similar practical jokes.

M'liss, though not very demonstrative to her kittens, showed such grief when they were taken from her as to make it distressing to every one in the house for days. She would hunt for them high and low, indoors and out, calling and mewing, and then follow each member of the household about in turn, crying and asking. She had at these times a very curious look, like a human being who has been crying. Her eyes were not red, but contracted, and her whole face was slightly drawn and distorted. It occurred to me at last to show her that I had put the kitten into a basket and sent it away in a carriage. She watched without interfering, and afterward neither sought for her kitten, called, nor mewed, but went about for two or three days with the look of crying, and then got back her spirits.

The last time this happened, the kitten, having been born in winter, spent its first month in a corner of my bedroom; but half a year had passed, it had not been there since, and had of late been living chiefly out-of-doors. After putting it into a basket and tying down the cover, I left the room to get a card for the address. When I came back, M'liss was trying to untie the knot; but she looked at me with a terribly human expression and desisted. She followed downstairs, saw the basket taken to the carriage, and then disappeared. An hour afterward I found her lying with her paws tucked under her in the corner of my bedroom, where she had been with her kitten six months before and not since, her eyes and face puckered with misery. She did not stir when I spoke to her, and remained there until night. She was missing for a few days, which happened now and then in fine weather, and, when she came back, seemed to think no more about it.

M'liss once startled us by an exhibition of maternal sensitiveness about a kitten to which we had thought her very indifferent. It was a puny little fright, and she had kept it in the cellar, as if ashamed of it. One day, when Czarina was playing with her three prize kittens on the veranda before a group of

visitors, M'liss came up out of the cellar window, and was passing by, but stopped, looked for a minute at the pretty show, bounded off, and was back directly with her kitten in her mouth. She laid it down and walked back and forth to attract notice for it and some of the admiration that was being lavished on the others.—*S. B. Wister, in Temple Bar.*

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

(Continued from last number.)

"Nothing can happen to a man,—no loss, no tribulation,—which may not leave him stronger, better, more full of spiritual resources than it found him, if only he has made sure of God, and of the perfect ends toward which, alone and forever, God conducts his own."* Such was the effect of the discipline of suffering on Lord Shaftesbury. He was cast down, but not destroyed; and within three months of the time when the grave closed over his beloved ones, he was again in the midst of his old work, toiling with a vigor that had never been surpassed. "Tribulation worketh experience"; and to the poor, the suffering, and the sad, he went forth from his own grief with a heart overflowing with sympathy, and powers awakened into fresh activity, consecrated afresh by sorrow. For the next few years his energy was little short of marvellous. There seemed to be no limit to his endurance: every hour of every day, and almost every minute of every hour, had its prearranged duty.

For many years Lord Shaftesbury had given away the prizes at the annual Flower Show in Dean's Yard, Westminster, under the auspices of the Society for Promoting Window Gardening, of which Dean Stanley was president. The flowers, humble and simple enough, breathed whispers of strange histories. Some were reared, in furtive hours, in crowded slums, some were tended by the poor sufferers in Westminster Hospital, some came from the workhouse, and many from the parochial, national, infant, Sunday, and Ragged Schools; some from the kitchens of domestic servants and the quiet homes of working people.

Those Flower Shows in Dean's Yard were always happy days to Lord Shaftesbury, who entered into the spirit of the festival just as heartily as did his good friend Dean Stanley.

Another of the great benefits of these shows

* "The Discipline of Suffering," Rev. James Durran.

was that they brought together those who, from social distinction, rarely met, and so knew little of each other; and the sympathy thus shown by the rich to the poor evoked a very kindly spirit. Lord Shaftesbury frequently related, with infinite pleasure, a little incident that occurred on one occasion at the distribution of prizes in Dean's Yard, illustrating the love and confidence thus generated. "As I was mixing among the people, I felt a little hand playing with mine, and a little girl looked up in my face and said, 'Please, sir, may I give you a kiss?' I said, 'I am sure you may, my dear, and I'll give you one, too.' Do you think then I did not say, 'What would London be without her children?'"

In the time of his great trouble, a bond of union was established between Lord Shaftesbury and the costermongers which was never to be broken. His first visit after his bereavement had been to them. He gave notice of his intention in the following note:—

Lord Shaftesbury to Mr. W. J. Orsman.

JAN. 7th, 1873.

Dear Orsman,—I am very anxious to hear something about my people in Golden Lane. Give them my love and blessing. And say that I shall, God willing, come and see them very soon in a quiet way.

Thank them and the children for all their prayers.

"Feb. 26th, 1873.—Do you ever perambulate your district 'by day'? If so, I should like to accompany you.

"March 3d.—Do not forget the woman who made the braces. We promised her something. I have sent two copies of the 'Faithful Promiser' for the wives of the cabinet-maker and the old paralyzed man.

"March 7th.—Your missionaries must talk to the poor cabinet-maker, and *pray* with him. He is not hardened. Let him have what he wants in his necessity.

"March 8th.—I have sent you a book for the two sons of the woman (spectacles) and the paralyzed husband. Also picture cards as I promised, to the little girl, daughter of the shoemaker's wife."

Lord Shaftesbury was the patron of many institutions for the welfare of domestic servants, and he never lost an opportunity of saying a good word for that oftentimes long-suffering and ill-rewarded class.

Thus, in 1883, when speaking on behalf of an admirable institution in which he took

a great interest,—the Aged Pilgrim's Friend Society,—he was able to refer to the fact that his housekeeper had been fifty-two years in his service; that, as nurse, she had brought up all his children; that not one of them would ever think of retiring to rest in his house without bidding good-night to that "female patriarch," and that she was held in reverence by all the household. He did not, of course, say what was, nevertheless, the fact, that every morning after prayers it was his habit to shake hands with the aged housekeeper, and inquire after her health, and of things that were of interest in her little world.

The well-being of factory operatives, wherever they might be, was always near to the heart of Lord Shaftesbury. It was a grief to him to find that there existed in India many of the evils that had once attended the factory system at home; and, on the publication of the Report of the Inspector of Factories, as to the regulation of labor in the cotton mills in the presidency of Bengal, he drew the attention of the secretary of state for India to the proved evils of many parts of the system, and pleaded that there might be given to the natives the boon of healthy work, reasonable hours, wholesome homes, and good education.

"Jan. 18th, 1876.—*Times* has an article, ingenious, hollow and cruel, in favor of vivisection. It is the worship of science, and science must have its victims, like Moloch or Chemosh. The system, it is manifest, will be legitimized by statute actually, and restricted by the same apparently. It is a fearful issue before us. The animals have no hope. Against them stand science and logic; in their favor impulse, under the influence of morbid tenderness and morbid morality, so the *Times* says."

Although these are the first entries in the Diary on the subject of Vivisection, Lord Shaftesbury had for some time past revolved it in his mind. Thoughts and actions were inseparable with him, and he had already assisted in the formation of the "Victoria Street Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection," of which society the accomplished Miss Frances Power Cobbe was the honorary secretary. "Lord Shaftesbury never joined the Victoria Street Society," she says. "It was the Society which joined Lord Shaftesbury. There was a day in November, 1875, when, having telegraphed his readiness to support the project of Dr. Hoggan and Miss Cobbe, he, in fact, founded

the Society. It was around him, and attracted in great part by his name, that the whole body eventually gathered."

"June 3d.—. . . Huxley, the professor, has written me a very civil, nay, kind letter. I replied in the same spirit. Nevertheless, two of the three black Graces, Law, Physic, and Divinity, are furious with me. The clergy have long loathed me, and the *Medical Gazette* and *Medical Examiner* now join in the cry, because I have fought for these unhappy animals.

"June 10th.—. . . It will either be 'burked' under pretence of want of time, or, which is more probable, made a bill for general deception, and, under the cloak of 'restriction,' be a measure to legalize and protect vivisection, without a particle of law or protection for the vivisected. Foresee much trouble, and, what is worse, the necessity of many speeches. . . .

"June 16th. . . . Endeavoring to keep up feeling on vivisection by circulating speech, printed with corrections. . . .

"June 21st. . . . Last night got the Vivisection Bill in Committee. No division and no changes but those I had previously concurred in with Carnarvon and Cardwell. Seven bishops appeared. One of them, Peterborough, made a single observation; but *all* the seven went away at dinner-time, leaving undefended, so far as they were concerned, the most important clauses of the Bill, which were in jeopardy through the hostility of many peers. The Archbishop of York, the most noisy of all the bench in favor of the bill, had gone abroad. Gloucester and Bristol, more pretentious even than York, could not stay. Canterbury the same. Winchester the same. Of what use are the Bishops in the House of Lords? . . .

"August 12th.—Cross called me to council on Vivisection Bill. He is earnest, true, anxious; but he is beset by endless difficulties, and, principally, by lack of time. Reverted to my old position that something was better than nothing, especially if that something gives a foundation on which amendments may hereafter be built. The thought of this diabolical system disturbs me night and day. God, remember Thy poor, humble, useful creatures." . . . —From *"The Life of Shaftesbury,"* by Hodder.

Rev. W. A. Alleyn, Spring Lake, Michigan, would be very glad to receive a "Life of Dr. Martineau."

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To her Brother, James Freeman Clarke.

NEWTON, Jan. 11, 1838.

My dear James,—Since I wrote you I have seen William Channing,* and the Reverend Doctor also. I have recommended to the former to consider the expediency of going to Louisville, and he seems to have no other engagement, and said he would write to you. As the whole family think of emigrating, it seems as if there was not much to prevent him.

I had an excuse for going to see Dr. Channing, and he was glad to see me, and was very kind,—so much so that I should have liked to pass the whole day with him: as it was I stayed only an hour and a half. He wanted me to tell him everything I knew about Kentucky, and asked me innumerable questions. He proposed to send you a copy of his "last," a letter to the Abolitionists, and thought you might like to publish a part of it in the *Messenger*. He talked Abolitionism to me, and agitation as much as his enemies could desire, yet not more than I liked to hear. I told him why I disliked the Abolition party, that they took more care of their neighbor's consciences than of their own.

"Why, my dear," said he, with a benignant smile, "that is the form in which truth comes to them."

Mary, was there, and asked her father whether he would be willing, if he had power to abolish slavery without the consent of the owners, to exercise it at once. He seemed rather amused and quite well pleased with the thought of having that power, and said that he believed he should exercise it. I told him some things about Judge Speed, and what he (Judge Speed) said on reading his (Dr. Channing's) book, and that gratified him. Since the Faneuil Hall meeting, he has preached a famous sermon from the text, "Blessed are the Peacemakers," showing how very undesirable a false peace is. Alluding to the agitated state of society, politics, and everything else, and to the fears of many that peace has fled, he described a government where all was peace, where no good man's name was traduced in the papers, where no mobs assembled, where no law was violated with impunity, but giving to the life the features of an iron despotism. "And how do you like this paradise of a land?" said he. "But some will still cry

* William Henry Channing.

'Let there be peace in the church. Let one spot be free from agitation. Here let tumult be hushed, here let everything rest as it was. Let not change and innovation touch these sacred things; let the heart have here one spot of refuge; let the wearied dove find here an ark of safety.' My friends, I will take you to a church where there is no questioning of doctrines, where no rash hand dares touch consecrated things, where peace ever broods. But you must enter it through the iron portals of the Inquisition, you must step over the bodies of many martyrs, you must bow your Reason, chain your understanding, and surrender your conscience to the keeping of a priest; and how do you like this *paradise of a church?*" Then in the same way he described a state of society where no new opinions were allowed, etc., and described Boston itself, at least as it might become if there were none to rebel. This last part of the sermon was judged rather personal, and some fretted at it, while others rejoiced. It delighted me to hear Dr. Channing speak of Mr. Peabody* with the warmest regard and admiration. He told me of the call to New Bedford that Mr. Peabody received, and said that they could not spare him from Boston; and, while he was yet speaking, Deacon Greele came in and, seizing the doctor by the button, dragged him aside and told him of a plot that was brewing to keep Mr. Peabody; and they have accomplished their design, I believe, and that church will have no less than three preachers, and, if Mr. Gannett is able to preach when he returns, they mean to build a new church for Mr. Peabody, so idolize they him already. It is surmised that his worth was unknown at Cincinnati. He, meanwhile, is as unaffected as ever, and so is Mary Jane.

I wish I had an opportunity to send to you, for there are several things waiting to go. If any one comes on, do charge them strictly to let us know before they go back.

George Bancroft has accepted the collectorship. It is a pity that so fine a historian has sacrificed and disgraced himself by accepting anything from Van Buren; but he has subscribed for the *Messenger*. Every man has some redeeming grace.

We have your Carlyle waiting for a chance to go. It is said that Mr. Emerson is going to send all the money he gets for the lectures, as well as all the subscription money, to Carlyle, and it will be over a thousand dollars.

*Ephraim Peabody.

Mr. Osgood appeared on Wednesday eve. He seems resolved to settle at Nashua.

This evening going to a lecture at Watertown, we found the *Messenger* at the office. I am much pleased with this number. That is an excellent article of James Perkins on the "Law of Fugitives," and I like what you say of the Alton murder.

I recognize Judge Speed's anecdote of Priestley's preaching, and I like the way you have arranged the contents, under heads. It is a very good number. Did I tell you how much your review of Miss Martineau was liked?

We hear very seldom from W. and A. Do you? Sam hurries. We are all well,

Good-bye,

SARAH.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Miss Kate L. Watson, Post-office Box 57, Worcester, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address *plainly* (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

Omitted Word Puzzle.

Will the — never be —?

Will the — days — go?

Must the — and — clover?

Be — bird — the —?

Oh, lend — your little — love?

Hark — a — thing?

The — month of — the year?

Is — and — the —.

—A. D. T. WHITNEY.

II.

A crimson — on her curls,

A crimson tint on lip and cheek,

My whole's most frolicsome of girls;

Her equal would be far to seek.

Were I a king upon a throne,

I'd all resign my own to call her:

Alas! I'm poor and too obscure

To be so first as now to woo her.

—*Youth's Companion*.

III.

Square Word.

1. Formerly used as an instrument of torture. 2. You will find this word, if you are second. 3. A kind of soil. 4. Useful articles found in every house.

IV.

Puzzle.

A word meaning polite and agreeable.
One hundred + one + five + one fifty.

V.

Puzzle.

Make sense of the following:—
When the fire burns low, put :
When the : burns, make a .

VI.

Riddle.

I go to school, I go to church,
But never learn or pray;
I go to drive, I go to walk,
Yes, many miles a day.
I have no body and no head,
But usually a tongue;
You'll find me often under feet,
Oppressed by old and young.

K. L. W.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

- I. A happy New Year to all.
- II. Manslaughter; man's laughter.
- III. Understand.
- IV. A new broom sweeps clean.
- V. 1. When it is a bone apart (Bona-
parte). 2. A cane (Cain). 3. The Hoosac
Tunnel.

VI. Words having two meanings just
opposite to each other:—

1. Cleave, to divide; cleave, to adhere.
2. Let, to hinder (obsolete); let, to allow.
3. Temper, which really means moderation,
but in modern usage, want of
moderation.
4. Nervous, which correctly means hav-
ing nerve, but in modern usage not having
nerve or nerve-power.

Can any one suggest more?

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

MORE ABOUT CHURCH-GOING: DUTIES OF
MEMBERS.

There are so many more members of con-
gregations than there are ministers that pos-
sibly we hear more about the shortcomings
of pastors than we do of those of their flock
whose duties, though different, are yet just
as real as those of the minister. We will
therefore venture to suggest one or two
points where a little forethought may do
much good.

Do not call on your minister on *Saturday*.
Possibly his sermon is prepared; but many a
time it is pushed forward to Saturday be-
cause of extra or unexpected duties during
the week. A minister's study on Saturday
is sacred ground, and certainly the proverb
applies here; and, although fools may rush
in, those who are still short of being angels
may well fear to tread. We knew a minister
whose wife stayed at home always on Satur-
day morning to guard him from interruption.

Still more important is it not to interrupt
him with some message or request just before
he goes into his pulpit on Sunday morning.
Do not say, "I only want to speak to you a
minute!" As one distinguished preacher
said, "If you *break* my glass, it makes no
difference to me whether you move the frag-
ments a little way apart from each other or a
great way, the glass is broken just the same."

Sometimes surprise is expressed that a
minister should need a long vacation in sum-
mer and an occasional journey in Europe.
The reason here is not far to seek. The pas-
tor of a large church, in a city, has usually
no rest *at all* during the winter months. He
works seven days a week. This makes a long
vacation necessary. There is a problem here
to be solved, because all ministers who are
really pastors wish to be with a member of
the church who needs comfort in a time of
sorrow. So they do not want to be beyond
reach for a long time. Yet sometimes it is
a question between entire rest and a break-
down. One minister whom I heard of took
one month's entire rest every summer in a
remote region. The rest of the time he was
near enough to meet any calls. Another
settled in a little summer home, near the
city where his church was situated, and could
receive any message from a parishioner who
was in trouble. This, however, regards the
duty of the pastor. The congregation do not
always realize that instead of working one
day, while other men work six, the minister
works *seven*, not one.

L. F. C.

The author of the article in the Mother's
Council, "The Forgetful Girl" wishes to
make one or two slight corrections (the mis-
takes were due to the copy by the type-
writer, not to the printer). Instead of "a
little strapping" the words are "a little
sharp pain." Also the sentence containing
the words "we *all* cooked and washed
dishes" should run "we *ate*, cooked, and
washed dishes," etc.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,—good citizens of the country,—for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

The editor will send to any minister who desires to receive them, the previous numbers of the *Cheerful Letter* containing extracts from the Life of Lord Shaftesbury, the great philanthropist of the nineteenth century.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on Friday, February 2, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. All interested in Cheerful Letter work are cordially invited.

Headquarters for the Cheerful Letter Exchange have now been established at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, and the assistant secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, will be found there on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays, to receive callers.

Hereafter, address all communications, intended for the Cheerful Letter Exchange, "Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass." This includes offers of books and periodicals and requests for the same, subscriptions, changes of address, requests for discontinuance, begging letters received by members or branches.

Articles for the "Mothers' Council," sermons, items for "The Household," and similar material may be sent as before to the Editor.

If a member or branch offers books in the Book Club, write to the address of the giver as usual.

Those who send reading matter to the soldiers in the Philippine Islands are reminded that *current* periodicals and good, bright, standard novels are the kind of reading desired. Do not send *old* magazines, nor periodicals adapted especially for women. Numbers of periodicals issued within a year may be sent.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable. Do not offer odd numbers of periodicals, but send them directly to one of the many stations where they are acceptable.

Secretary of Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Harris Kennedy, Readville, Mass.

Assistant Secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Editor of the "Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Treasurer, Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Make checks payable to Mary Louise Catlin.